

Maryknoll

FIELD AFAR



SEPTEMBER 1948



SURROUNDED. Recall the day when you felt like Mary Lee? Remember your awe as huge, benign Sisters leaned over you? Remember, too, the precious lessons Sister gave? China's many Mary Lee's look for Catholic schools.





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by John T. Yabe



I Was a Japanese Naval Student

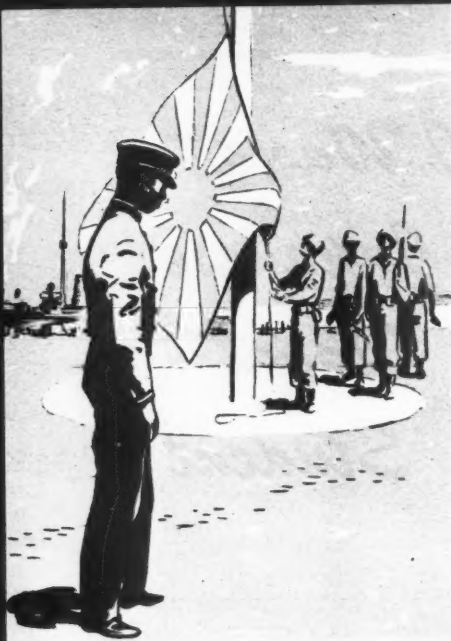
Was suicide
his only answer?

EVERY MORNING we students of the Japanese Naval School would assemble in the drill yard and see the Naval Flag raised to the top of its pole. Always, as I saw the flag unfurl in the breeze, I had a strong feeling of security and boyish happiness. To me the flag was a symbol of the great strength of our Navy, which would keep all invaders from the shores of my homeland.

Then, on the morning of August 15, 1945, I saw the flag raised as usual — but on that same day I saw it come down before sunset. As I watched the flag descend its halyard, it seemed as if a cloud passed across

the sun. The lowering of our flag meant only one thing: it was defeat, unconditional surrender. From the moment that flag came down, I felt lost, hopeless, and despondent. It was as if the world had turned into a huge jail.

In a few days the Naval School closed its doors. I and my fellow students were soon on trains, bound for our respective homes. That was not the joyful homecoming to which I had looked forward. Often I had imagined myself returning home, at the completion of my naval studies, as an officer in the Japanese Navy. But now, while the train wound its way through bombed cities, and I saw the strained, frightened faces of my fellow countrymen, I could think of nothing but the countless soldiers and sailors who had lost their lives — for defeat. I felt that I had



He saw the flag come down

failed them. A strong conviction that I must atone for their useless sacrifice took possession of my mind. I knew that there was only one way to do this: I must commit suicide.

In my native city, I found my parents saddened by the turn of events. When I went among the people of my city, I was ashamed. The people were saying things that they should not even have been thinking. There was no talk of the sacrifices our brave dead had made — only the scheming and planning of a defeated people, on how to get along under the new conditions.

I had to get away from the people, by myself, to think things out. Day after day, I wandered through the mountains near my home. One question kept echoing in my mind, "What is death?" Our brave soldiers and sailors had died on the field of battle; but also, I reminded myself, many people had died here at home, in bombings, in war accidents, in sickness caused by the war. Must I atone for those deaths as well?

Then in the dusk of a summer evening, as I walked my lonely way, pondering these thoughts, I passed a mission. The sound of singing and organ music caused me to look up, and I noticed for the first time that I was in front of a Christian church. When I was five years old, I had attended kindergarten in this Episcopal mission. The hymn that was being sung was one that I had learned as a child. Almost before I realized it, I found myself entering the church, and then singing and praying with the congregation.

As I left the building, a young man fell into step beside me. He was a former schoolmate, whom I had not seen for many years. We talked for a long time.

When we parted, he said to me, "Promise you will come back again."

"I promise," I answered.

I did go back, many times. But something seemed to be lacking.

One night, after I left the church and started across the bridge, I met another young man who had been a friend in years past.

"What are you doing now?" I asked.

"Studying," he replied.

"Studying what?" I then inquired.

"I am going to be a Catholic priest."

He must have felt my surprise, because he began to explain his reasons for becoming a Catholic priest. As he spoke, I became very much interested. Before we parted, he agreed that we should meet again.

From that time on, I had a companion in my evening walks. Little by little, the teaching of the Catholic Church was unfolded to me.

I do not know what point convinced me most — there were so many that satisfied my longings and answered my questionings. I was impressed with the oneness of the Catholic Church. I was profoundly moved by the stories of the apostolic martyrs. I was thrilled when I heard about the many Japanese martyrs who had died that Christ's Church might live.

Since my infancy, I had been

taught that it was glorious to die for the Emperor, and I believed that. But now I asked myself, "What can the Emperor do for me, if I die for him?"

There was no answer to that question. On the other hand, I came to see that God could do many things for me — alive or dead. Then the clouds began to lift, and once again the sun-

light of happiness began to shine on my spirit. Suddenly I saw how vain it would be for me to take my life in atonement, when Christ had already offered His Atonement for all mankind. No man could improve upon that!

"So you see," I told my friend, "I do not need to die. Rather, I *must* live!"

"Yes," he replied. "You must live. Japan has need of you."

On the day when I was baptized in the Catholic Church, I had only one prayer. Years earlier, I had pledged my services to a ruler of this world. Now I asked God to make me a good soldier in His army.

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

The Bride Wore Shoes

At the marriage ceremony this morning, everything went smoothly, but the blushing bride did not seem comfortable — in fact, she appeared to be in great pain. When the couple approached the altar, I discovered why: in her rush to get to church, the bride had put the left shoe on her right foot and the right shoe on her left foot. Beyond a shadow of a doubt, it was the first pair of shoes the young lady had ever worn in her life, and perhaps it will be the last.

— Father Louis I. Bayless, of San Francisco, at Musoma, Tanganyika.

It's just one thing

after another

Next, Please!

by Joseph M. Glynn

EVERYTHING is part of the day's work, at this Maryknoll mission in Kowak. An African comes to have the missionary change his paper money into coins; he wishes to bury the coins in the ground for safekeeping, because paper money is too easily lost. Then along comes someone else, to borrow or buy an old safety razor blade to shave his head. Or perhaps another native brings a pair of scissors to be sharpened.

On mail days, the folks flock to us to buy paper and envelopes, or they bring in letters and the money for stamps. The mission address serves as their post office, and we send and receive their letters. They come, also, to buy children's clothes, which are made here by two native tailors. Some neighbors deposit money with the missionary, as with a bank. A favorite request is to have their photographs taken — and they are willing to pay for the pictures. Apparently, the people consider it all part of the public service we offer.

Recently on a mission trip, I was approached by a woman catechumen and her husband. The man did the talking and reported that his

wife was being bothered by the devil. Looking at the husband, I wondered if perhaps he wasn't the little devil who was causing the trouble. But discreetly I merely recommended the use of holy water, and the couple went off satisfied.

One man came up and said that he had been fined six cows by the native court. He wanted to know if I could help him. According to the local custom, if a man does something wrong, and then is fined by the native court and can't pay, the law may collect the fine from his relatives. His father or brother or cousin or uncle will have to pay.

A third man said he had lost all his possessions when a bolt of lightning struck his house and set it afire. Out of the ashes he had dug up some coins that were twisted and defaced. So I took the money and gave him some good coins. Now I shall have the bother of sending the old coins to the government office for exchange.

Just the other day a man requested that I bring my gun down and kill a hyena caught in a trap that had been borrowed from the mission. Of course that was a welcome request, because it gave me a chance to try the rifle. A similar opportunity was offered when a planter reported that baboons were wrecking his crop. He brought a chicken as payment for the shooting he hoped the Fathers would do.

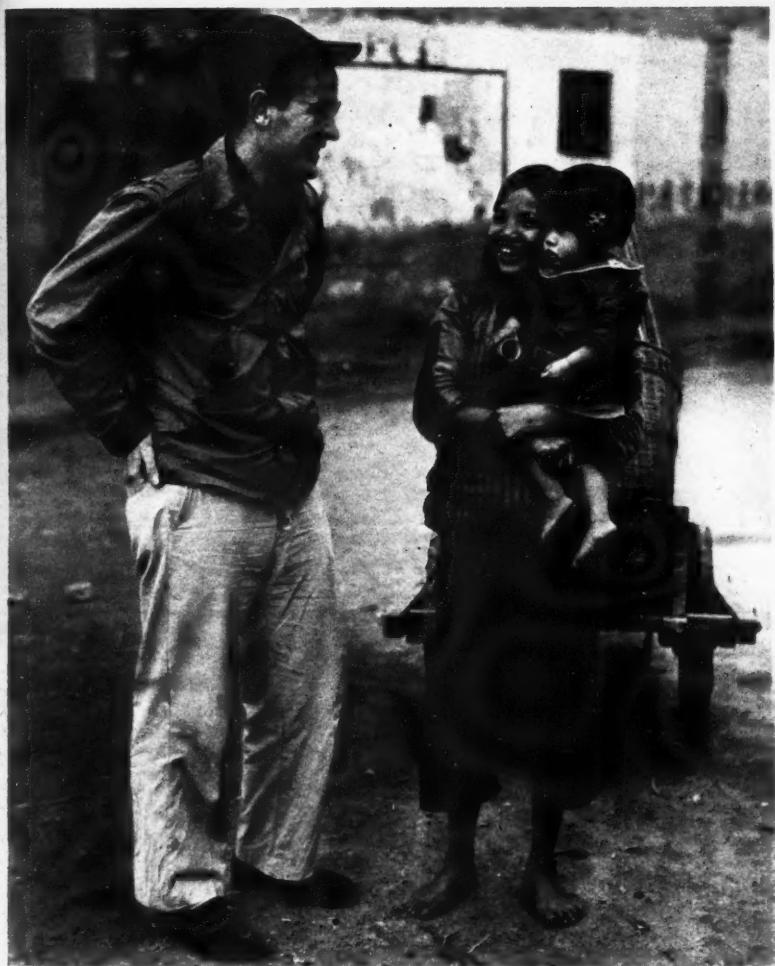
Finally — we run a sort of matrimonial bureau for our Africans. The Superior actually keeps a list of eligible men and women and answers all inquiries from young hopefuls who are anxious to take the big step. So, there never is a dull moment!

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The Gospel of the Kindly Word

How charmingly simple is the missionary's secret of approach in South China. He steps into the street, smiles easily, and reveals his deep and true interest in the folk whom he meets. His work starts with reaching the people.

A PHOTO STORY BY JOSEPH A. HAHN





Sometimes (above) it is a droll tale for the men folk, as told by Father Peter Reilly, of Roxbury, Mass. A meal while traveling is eaten as Father John McLoughlin, of Elmhurst, N. Y., squats with others at a sidewalk diner.





Chinese youngsters, like boys the world over, are puzzled yet tickled by bantering words such as Father Richard Mershon, of Denver, Colo., has for this lad. The youngster's companions express their huge enjoyment.



It takes but a moment, Father John Graser, of Syracuse, N. Y., finds, to stop along the way for a happy exchange with a sharp small-goods vendor.



The Pied Piper himself never lured youngsters more completely than does Father Joseph Hahn, of Flushing, N. Y., who tells the story of the Cross.

stop
dor.



A tall man like Father Joseph McDonald, of Belmont, Mass., draws a crowd merely by addressing a kindly word from the house where he is, calling.

3 WAYS TO INFLUENCE PEOPLE

by Charles A. Brown



HERE ARE the three means that we use to improve life in this tiny bit of Bolivia, in the neighborhood of Calacala: (1) a Farmers' Union; (2) a 4-H Club; (3) a Catechetical School.

The first means — the Farmers' Union — is an organization of small Indian farmers of a number of surrounding pueblos. This Union, called locally a syndicate, has the following aims: to provide the Indians with some degree of protection against the injustices of the landowners; to help them obtain better prices for their produce through collective bargaining; to assist them in the collective buying of farm implements, livestock, and foodstuffs; to teach them to improve their farming methods.

The idea, organization, and instruction of these Indian farmers is mostly the work of a young lawyer, Raimundo Gregoriu. He explained his idea to us priests, and asked for our co-operation. Outdoor Masses were said in Linde, Taquina, and other pueblos, to gather the people; and after each Mass, a talk was given on the general ideas of unions and co-operatives. Average attendance was about 200. Raimundo spoke in Quechua, telling the Indians it was (and is) the idea of the Popes that they help themselves by forming some sort of union. Word spread through the pueblos; interest grew; and today some hundreds of Indian farmers are banded together.

The Indians elected their own president. The Union meets twice a month, and members pay ten cents monthly. The first part of each meeting is a simple instruction on how the

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people can help themselves by banding together. Then Raimundo, the apostle, meets groups from separate pueblos and tries to solve their local problems. We have secured a few motion pictures on conservation of soil, rotation of crops, and so forth.

A co-operative section of the Union buys such staples as rice, sugar, and flour. The Union also provides legal and medical services to its members. After a few years, we shall be glad to report on the success of these moves.

Our second means of helping the people is a 4-H Club for Indian children. The idea is to start the youngsters along the path to good farming practices, care of the soil, and so forth. A Catholic from the United States, a representative of the Department of Agriculture, is the spark in this organization. Again — it is too early to talk about accomplishments, but we believe we are on the right road.

Our third means is the Catechetical School. This is surely worth while! Father Elizalde, of Argentina, came here and founded it in 1945. Father's principal idea was to train leaders for the Jocist movement. He offered us a scholarship to his school in Buenos Aires, and Father Lawler sent an Indian lad to take the course. Since the graduate's return, he has

been invaluable to us, because of his knowledge of methods for working among the people and because of the apostolic spirit that inspires him.

This school for catechetical leaders seems as necessary for South America as are catechetical schools in the pagan missions of the Orient. Our school has a two-year course, during which the students apply themselves to Christian doctrine, practical sociological questions, teaching methods, and some psychology of leadership. The curriculum is carefully planned, and it includes teaching in evening schools as practice in applying the lessons the students have learned during the day.

We think we have an idea here that could prove a nucleus for a system of teaching leaders for the training of catechists throughout Maryknoll missions in various parts of Latin America. This work presents many problems, but time and the Holy Ghost will help solve them. The extensiveness of the ground that must be covered, the fewness of priests, the physical difficulties, all point to the absolute necessity of building up a corps of zealous, well-trained, lay workers to reach and teach their own people. We hope that our Catechetical School is the answer to this crying need.

"WHY DO YOU COME to me for advice?" asked a Catholic officer when a Moslem soldier in the Indian army approached him.

"My father told me to," replied the Moslem, "because I explained to him that you are a man who prays."

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Has the Church missed her chance in Japan? This question has been asked by many who know the opportunities in Japan today, and who fear that the opening awaited for centuries may be lost before we take advantage of it.

The writer can recall listening, some thirty years ago, to a number of veteran missionaries from Japan. All of them believed that the conversion of Japan to Christianity would come only after some great catastrophe should have shaken the people loose from materialistic ideals and caused them to search for needs of the spirit. For millions of Japanese, the war has proven to be that great catastrophe.

Monsignor Byrne of Maryknoll remained in Japan throughout the conflict. At the war's end, he made a report that went to the Holy Father through the hands of Archbishop Cicognani, the Apostolic Delegate in Washington. Monsignor Byrne's report portrayed the radical changes that had taken place in the Japanese people, and it told of the definite turn towards Christianity. Similar reports from the Apostolic Delegation in Japan, from Japanese bishops, from American chaplains on the spot, all high-lighted the great opportunity for winning souls.

The church moves slowly, but it moves surely, and the results are now very much in evidence in Japan. Contingents of missionaries are arriv-

ing in the country and are preparing for a long and intense effort. The problems are not simple; but in view of the difficulties, moderately good progress in meeting the opportunities has been made during the past two years.

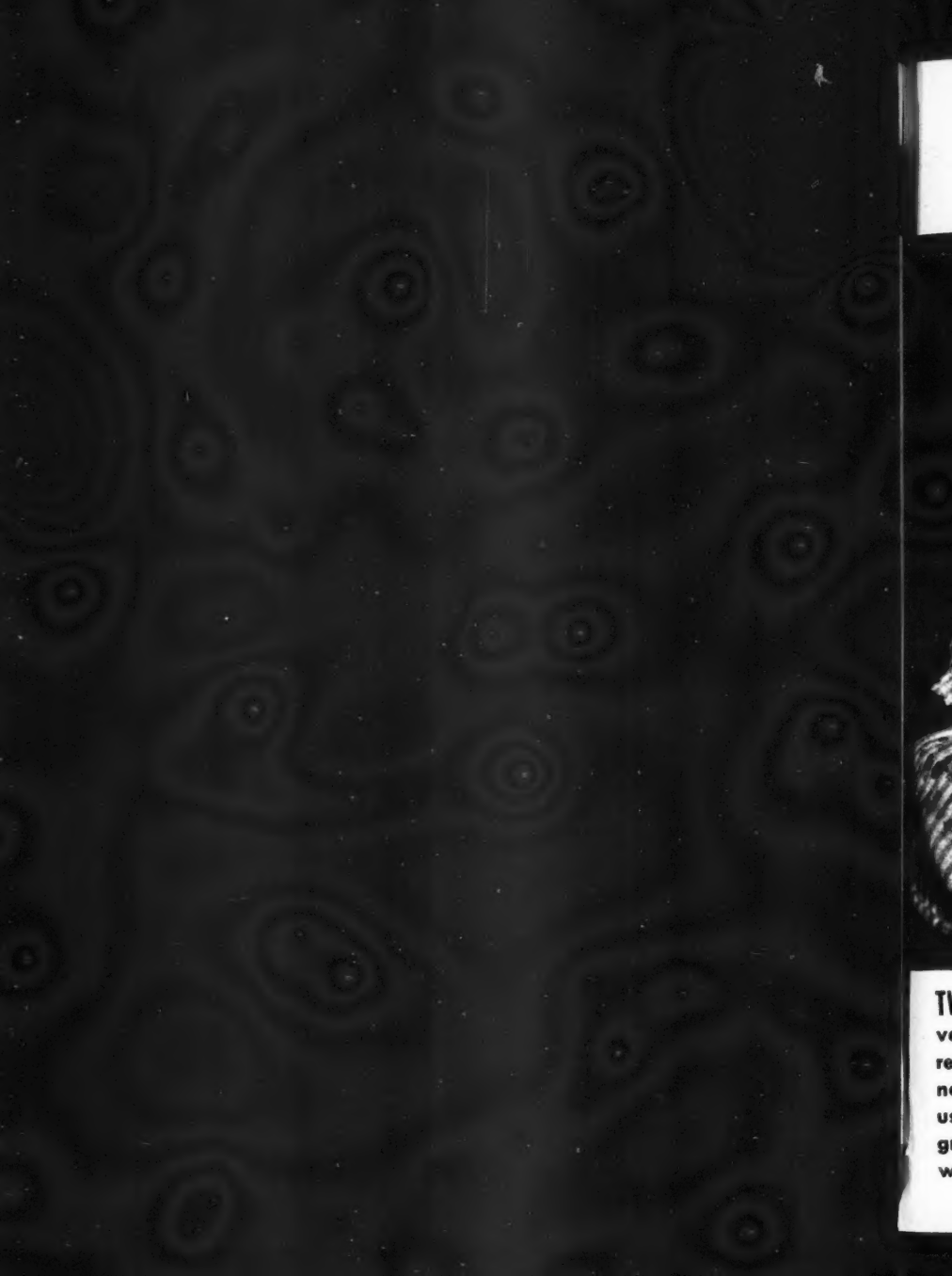
Important developments will probably occur in the near future. We are told that some hundreds of Jesuits will go to Japan within five years; a substantial number of them will be from the United States. The Graymoor Fathers and the Oblates will work under Japanese ordinaries. The foreign-mission Society of Quebec is sending priests. The Columban Fathers, the Immaculate Heart Missionaries, the Canadian Redemptorists, and others, are likewise in the picture. Teaching Brothers and the School Sisters of Notre Dame will undertake the work of intermediate schools in Maryknoll's Kyoto Mission. Maryknoll has sent eight of its recent contingent of thirty-seven outgoing missionaries to join forces with the other societies.

Many more groups will soon be recorded as participating in this crusade for the soul of a nation, for the list is growing apace. May God give an abundant increase.



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A One-page Picture



TWO LITTLE MAIDS FROM PERU. The eyes of Juana and Maria speak volumes. They tell the story of a people. Indians of the Andean heights remember that they are a conquered people, even though every good non-Indian in Peru is saying, "Forget you were conquered; be one with us." In these Indian eyes, there is an uneasy shyness, a reflection of gnawing hurt; but there is, also, the inarticulate tenderness of a people who were once great, and who still possess fine qualities for leadership.



Horseback Parish

by James F. McNiff

I RECALL how greatly impressed I was when I visited Father James Sheridan, of Washington, D.C., at Zemita, in our Chilean vineyard country.

Between Talca and Chillan, at a tiny railroad station called San Carlos, one leaves the train. Zemita, a large estate, is about forty miles from there—in the mountains. Any one who plans to visit that parish must make arrangements at least a week in advance, by letter. There is no telephone or telegraph office out that way, and the only source of communication is by horse or, if the visitor is lucky, by car. The trip from San Carlos, which takes an hour and a half by automobile, takes from three to four hours by horse.

With the twilight breezes flicking his few remaining locks of hair, Father Sheridan was standing in front of his white, stucco church when I arrived. He was waiting for me, after having returned from a long sick call. Consequently I saw him with much mud on his cassock but with a big and broad smile. He was delighted that at last one of his friends had penetrated his wilderness.

First he showed me the church, which is a beauty of its kind. It was built by the estate owners, in memory of a deceased daughter, and therefore is named "Santa Inez," but everyone refers to it as Zemita—the name of the estate. The priest's modest rooms are attached to the

side of the church. Since no provision was made for a kitchen, he takes his meals in a neighboring house.

The popularity of this first pastor of Zemita was edifying. The love of the poor for the priest is always an excellent indication of his zeal and charity. Father Sheridan had already learned the first names of nearly everybody, and the people marveled at his memory.

The *fundo*, as vast estates are called in Chile, is like an old plantation in our Southern States. It has a big house for the owners. The workers live in very poor, adobe habitations, with hardly any conveniences at all. It is not surprising, therefore, that when a pastor lives relatively near them, shows a genuine interest in their welfare, and is completely at their service, they should appreciate him and respond as well as they are able to his gentle persuasion.

The parish of the estate is quite extensive, and not infrequently Father Sheridan had to spend the entire day on horseback to make one sick call. With boots, spurs, and a black felt sombrero (attached to the chin by means of a string), he set off on a spirited horse. He rode over trails of dust or mud, according to the season. On returning he found himself tired, because he had not been brought up in the saddle. However, he managed to be extremely cheerful with the people and playful with the youngsters along the way.

Father Gerald Carroll, of New York City, has now succeeded to Zemita, but the privilege of initiating the work in this horseback parish belonged to Father Jim. The people there are always asking for him.

He's the Berries!



BLACKBERRIES are ripe in Central Chile; the whole countryside is laden with the vines. In Manuelita's presence, I mentioned that I just love blackberries. Soon in he came with two huge baskets full — enough for the cook to make twelve jars of blackberry jam. Manuelita's brother is as poor as Job's turkey, but not a penny would the lad take for the berries; they were his little turn for the Padre. Swell lads here in Coropota!

—Edward F. Murphy



Michael O'Brien Finds Success

by Hugh F. Byrne

A FICTION STORY

CONTRARY to his custom, Michael O'Brien was not whistling as he changed his clothes and washed up. The day had not been an easy one. To start it off, he had been late to work—something unusual for him—and the look the boss gave him seemed to accuse him of being habitually tardy. Then in the early forenoon, he had had a few sharp words with one of his fellow workers.

If he were younger, Michael O'Brien thought, he might pick up his tools and leave. But now he had to "grin and bear it." He and his wife, Mary, were beginning to have gray hairs, and the family included a growing flock of youngsters to be fed, clothed, and sheltered.

All this was running through Michael O'Brien's mind when he

stepped out of the shop and started to walk toward the subway. Then suddenly he heard a loud, "Hey Mike!"

Turning he recognized an old acquaintance, Tom Powell. The latter was sitting in a new Buick, looking the picture of health and prosperity. Yes, Tom was doing quite well for himself.

"Hello Tom," Mike answered, rather dispiritedly. Then he added perfunctorily, "How are you?"

"I am fine!" came the hearty reply. "Hop in; I'll give you a lift. I was just driving by. Say, it must be over a couple of years since we met."

"Not much change in my affairs since then," Mike said.

"Glad to hear it!" boomed Tom Powell. "As for myself," he went on,

"I'm doing not badly at all. The last two cases I had in court netted me five thousand each. So I think I'll take a little vacation in the mountains. Next fall I'll send my boy, Harry, to Harvard. Then in the following year, my girl, Alice, will be ready for some finishing school. By the way, your son, John, should be ready for college, too, shouldn't he, Mike?"

"That's right, Tom," Mike replied. "Of course I can't send him to one of the Big Three, but to college he'll surely go — some local Catholic college. My one regret is that I never had such an opportunity."

When the car reached his door, Michael O'Brien brightened up at the sight of his whole family. His wife, his two sons, and his two daughters were sitting on the porch of their frame house, waiting for him. Evidently they had something important to tell.

He was still waving good-by to Tom Powell when he heard his wife speak. Mary always became formal when a major announcement was to be made.

"Mr. O'Brien," she said, "your son John has something to tell you."

"What's this?" And Michael looked anxiously toward his elder son.

"Yes, Dad, I'd like to be a priest — a foreign-mission priest."

"When did you decide on that?"

"I had a long talk with Monsignor some weeks ago. Then I wrote to Maryknoll, asking the Society to accept me."

Mike felt a little stunned. Then suddenly what his son had said to him became clear.

"It will be hard for your mother and me to see you leave us," he said slowly, with an effort to be calm. "But since you feel that missions are your life work, you certainly have my blessing."

John wanted to be a priest! A missionary priest. His own son! John would call down Christ from heaven at the Consecration of the Mass; would distribute His Sacred Body; would baptize pagans in far-off lands; would sit in the confessional and reconcile sinful men with their God; would administer the last rites of the Church; would carry God's mercy to the hungry, the cold, the suffering, the sorrowful. His own son! What had he, Michael O'Brien, ever done to deserve such a crown of success in rearing his family?

Then out of the fullness of his heart, he blurted, "To think that I envied Tom Powell!"

"What was that, Dad!" asked the puzzled John.

"Oh, nothing — nothing at all, son," replied the happy father.

ELENA Goes to Town. We sent our cook, Elena, on a visit to Santiago. Elena may well be the original "five-by-five," for she is short and must weigh two hundred and thirty pounds. Poor, little country girl! She got off the train and walked behind the bus she was to take; then a street car rolled up and pinned her tightly between bus and car! Fortunately the bus drove off, leaving our Elena with beaten feelings but otherwise unhurt.

— Father Edward Brophy, of Lexington, Ky., now in Curepto, Chile



THIS ROOM HAS BEEN
DONATED BY

THE SONS OF IRA S. & ELLEN B. BROWN

IN MEMORY OF

THEIR PARENTS

A room in a Maryknoll seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the priest or the student occupant to pray daily for your relative or friend. Offering, \$500.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$_____ toward the five hundred dollars needed for a memorial room in a Maryknoll seminary.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

IT WAS a red-letter day for the town, and a deep red, red-letter day for the pastor, when the magician arrived in Cotoca. He is Father Denis P. Browne, of Oakland, California, and is one of the latest products of Maryknoll Seminary.

On the day of Father Browne's arrival, peace and quiet flew out the window here. With his tricks of magic, Father draws children as sugar draws flies. He has them around the house all hours of the day. Indeed, I expect a complaint from the school department, because our newcomer is proving quite a distraction to the youngsters in the classrooms: walking by the windows during school hours, he may pull anything smaller than a newborn calf out of his sleeve or pocket.

Our magician is an accomplished follower of Houdini. He inclines to oversized cassock sleeves and trouser pockets; and when his audience is sufficiently distracted, he pops out a surprise from an unexpected corner. Hopefully, I soon asked him to pull a couple of new missionaries out from the folds. Everything else showed up — rabbits, ham sandwiches, umbrellas — but no Padres. I concluded that he was a failure — when lo! a telegram came, saying that the two new Padres I had requested would arrive in town very soon, coming directly from Maryknoll.

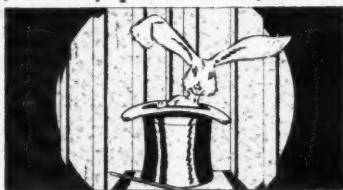
With additional missionaries, we shall be able to do a better job at covering our thousand square miles of parish. I hope the new priests have mastered some of those superlative new methods that we old duffers failed to get out of the Seminary course. The latest missionary generation has a rare way of getting into the hearts of the lads and lassies, and even of the adults.

But even the best of these tyros need to be toughened up. Father Browne had his first sick call a short while ago, when he went to Montero Hoyas. This is a ranch twenty-eight miles from Cotoca, reached by horseback trails deep in the Bolivian countryside. Father Browne did a

timely task for the Lord: he gave the Last Sacraments to the dying man; and also, before that ceremony, he administered the Sacrament of Matrimony to the man and his wife, and thus legitimated their seven children.

However, from then on, he fell down badly. Bedtime came — and the only bed in

these rural tropics is the hammock. It was Father's first experience with such a bed, and to him, as to all the uninitiated, the hammock proved an instrument of torture. Early next morning, at Cotoca, in rode the magician. He celebrated Mass, took a sip of coffee, and went to SLEEP.



The Magician of Cotoca

by August R. Kircher

Rice-field Movies

Mickey Mouse
links up
with the Maryknollers
in South China

by John M. McLoughlin

REMEMBER the time you witnessed your first moving-picture show? Neither do I! But the circumstances attending that event for each of us were perhaps similar to those experienced by several thousand Chinese last week, in a village fifteen miles from Paklau, my mission center. Through the generosity of friends, who gave us the machine, those thousands of Chinese had an opportunity to see their first movie, and we missionaries had a chance to introduce them to Catholicism.

Days before, word had spread about the coming event. When we arrived, the village and its people looked like something from Hollywood — perhaps the mob scene in *The Good Earth*. After meeting the local leaders, we proceeded to set up

our paraphernalia: a sheet hung between two poles, set in the middle of a rice field (the only space not occupied); an old, surplus generator, set up between the walls of an abandoned temple; the projector and sound box, out in front of the temple's sliding gate.

Inside the temple, we had comparative peace, as we worked over the generator, trying to get a spark from it. The long wait meant nothing to the people; they were able to buy rice cake, chestnut soup, sweetmeats, and fruits, and they were having more fun than they had known in years.

Occasionally we'd hear a commotion outside. Once we stopped to listen to an argument:

"I tell you, you can't go in! The priest is in there, busy fixing the fire machine."

"But I just want to go in and take a look at the priest. I tell you, I have never seen a foreigner!"

Finally we coaxed the motor to life — and a Chinese cheer went up. "Ai yah!" the crowd yelled, as a light was flashed on the improvised screen. Soon it was followed by a succession of pictures.

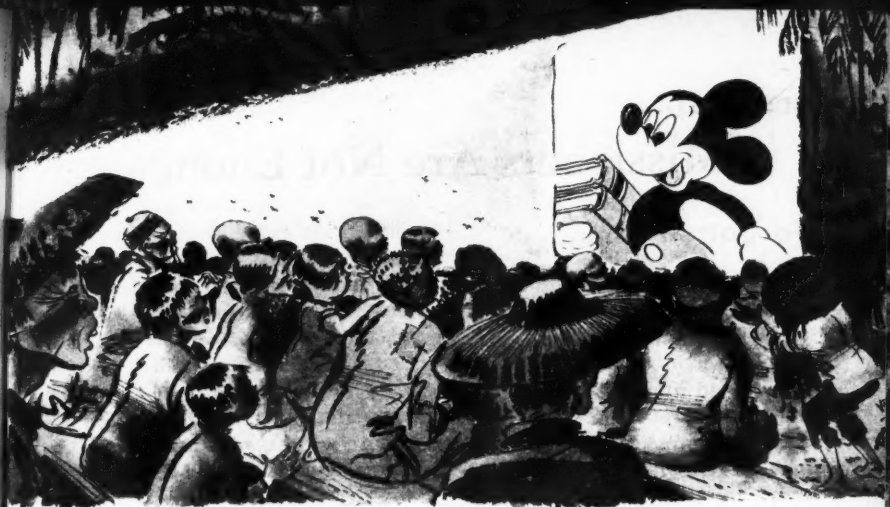
"Well, will you look . . ."

"Did you ever see . . ."

"Those figures are moving . . ."

"Truly, there is no end to wonders . . ."

The show was just a short newsreel. It presented pictures of snow, airplanes, ships, cars, the Pope, churches, and so forth. To us it was something quite ordinary. But to the thousands of Chinese watchers standing there, it was one of the wonders of the world.



When our little motor finally sputtered and died for lack of gas, we had a time convincing our audience that the show was all over. As the village leader remarked, the people would have remained till dawn, had there been more pictures to see.

"Father," he declared, "don't you realize that showing was one of the biggest events that ever happened in this place? If we had only five minutes of pictures, it would be something to remember — but one whole hour!"

And what's the advantage of it all? In that particular section of country-

side, we had hoped to get an "in" with the people. Formerly those Chinese didn't know, and didn't care to know, about the Church. But now, a short time after the moving-picture show, practically that whole village is signed up to study the doctrine — and neighboring villages are beginning to inquire about the organization called the Catholic Church. Our motion-picture machine seems to be the key to the situation. With more films and more "foreigners," we might be able to satisfy the curiosity of these rural Chinese in more ways than one. What an opportunity!

"We Like Your Church, But —"

THERE IS a lot of interest in the Catholic Church, in this section and not a few Chinese have indicated this interest by coming around, borrowing books, and asking questions. The fact that they have to study so long holds up many prospective converts. The fact that they can't have concubines holds up not a few. And the fact that they have to pitch out the false gods also holds up many. In a word, the devils here, as everywhere, are those that must be driven out by prayer and fasting. We need plenty of spiritual help.

— Father Russell Sprinkle, of Middletown, Ohio, at Wuchow, China.

EDITORIAL:

Missioners Are Not Enough

Forgotten Aim

The brotherhood of man has been reduced to something of a byword by the selfish indifference of Christian people, yet it remains a valid aim that should inspire and regulate the organization of human society on earth. It represents an ideal brought into the world by Christ, who became the Firstborn among many brethren (*Rom. 8:29*), and cham-

Archbishop
Mitty
of
San Francisco:



"Although we rejoice in our mission accomplishments, we should not become complacent. Christ came for men and women everywhere. Yet throughout our own land, and in the field afar, there are millions upon millions still awaiting the revelation and the grace of Christ. Here is an obligation of every Catholic."

✠ John J. Mitty, D.D.

pioned the cause of the least of His brothers (*Matt. 25:40*), in order that all men might be established in brotherhood through Him. If the ideal was never realized, it is because of our apathy and perversity. A great tragedy has been unfolding itself through the ages; that tragedy is the failure of the real and pretended followers of Christ, not only to carry out His program of equality and charity for all humanity, but even to believe in it.

Our apathy was dismal, inveterate, and widespread, and one result of it has been the virtual forfeiture of any serious identification with the aim of brotherhood. This is a pity, because the professed enemies of Christianity were thus left free to appropriate to themselves a Christian ideal that appeared to many to have gone by default.

It is too late to recall the mistakes, to repair the omissions, and to undo all the mischief, by which our less-fortunate brother men suffered at our hands down through the centuries. But at least the great lesson of the past should be remembered and utilized. The lesson is that there can be no greater mistake, and indeed no graver crime, than to look upon and treat any human being, no matter how backward and miserable he may appear to be, as anything less than a

brother, equally dignified before God.

The Means

The very greatness of the distance that separates the world from true Christian civilization makes it all the more imperative to bridge the gap. Obviously the means must be something colossal, and yet it must also be something available. It can hardly be the work of the missions simply and exclusively; for however widespread and effective that activity may become, it must still be devoted, for indefinite centuries, to the lesser aim of world evangelization.

World conversion is something infinitely more difficult. It is evidently an objective that calls for all the best efforts, and particularly for all the charity, not only of some thousands of professional missionaries, but also of all the members of the Church. The missions can and will spread far and wide the Faith of Christ. But it is the responsibility of the whole Christian world to establish the universal brotherhood of man through the charity of Christ. This is an essential step towards world conversion.

Love and Trouble

The brotherhood of man is a beautiful ideal, but it is far too difficult ever to be realized through motives of human sentiment and by means of purely human endeavors; it involves too much love and trouble.

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll P. O., New York

Merely to bring the ideal a little closer has already cost immense apostolic labors and the blood of martyrs in torrents. It is not likely to be attained in its fullness by any less disinterested and sacrificial spirit. Two billion men scattered all over the world make a big and unwieldy family. They are in all stages of backwardness and misery; they are divided and disaffected; they do not even know that they are entitled to brotherhood. It is time to convince them of the relationship. They can be reached by the love of brothers that stems from the love of God.

KOREA

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AMEANS WORK

MARYKNOLL'S Father Carroll journeyed recently, from Korea to a port in China, on the first steamer to fly the flag of the new Korean Republic. All hail to the new flag!

But let us think as well of the twenty million Korean peasants, to whom a country and a flag can have meaning only if they can lighten the people's back-breaking hard work.





Korea reminds us of scenes in the Bible. There are the lordly oxen and the graceful maidens who carry water. But what huge labors for so little.





Korea's Monday-morning wash



Koreans are called the Irish
of Asia, for the twinkle in
their eyes and their humor



Away from railroads, goods are carried on human backs. Hence freight costs a man's keep per hundred pounds for the miles he can walk in a day.



To us, there are charm and poetry in the Korean gristmill and hand-carved, wooden plow. To the Korean, they mean condemnation to abject poverty.



In this harsh scene of the laying away of Peter, we have a picture of the elemental bedlam that attends a country funeral in China.

THREE DAYS AGO at Wong Tsuen Poh, Peter Nieh, one of our Christians, died. Last evening there took place the "encoffining"—if there is such a word—and the family asked me to say some prayers for the deceased.

There are few things more startling than South China's country funerals. At any typical one, the house of the dead person is crowded with people whose sole purpose seems to be to get something to eat. Tables blackened with dust, smoke, and what-not, are put here and there without order. Bowls and chopsticks are spread on those tables, and general attention seems to focus on them. In the yard the woodworkers give the last touches to the coffin, which resembles a hollowed tree trunk. The chips from the wood used in making it are important, for they serve as fuel for the improvised fireplaces where the evening meal is cooked. Smoke and a bedlam of noises fill the area.

In the main room of Peter's house, his body lay on the floor, at one side. It was partly hidden from view by a mosquito net, draped carelessly over it. On a dusty table were a bowl of holy water, some rolls of firecrackers, and a few pitch candles. The stench of the already decaying corpse filled



FAREWELL IN FAMILIAR CONFUSION

the nostrils of the mourners. There, indeed, was death in its ugly form.

For Chinese country folk, the confusion and ugliness are familiar conditions. But I do wish that some of the prayerful atmosphere that attends vigils for the dead in older Christian communities might be introduced into South China. If these people could establish better order in the room where the dead person is exposed, if in general a little more decorum could be observed, the Christian Chinese might favorably impress non-Christian relatives and friends, and reveal to them more clearly our Catholic respect for the dead.

By the time the noisy meal was over, the coffin was finished. One man got a can of red paint and began applying it, amid sundry comments from the onlookers. When the painting was done, the coffin was taken into the mourning room. There many yards of raw silk, the gift of relatives, were disposed throughout its interior; and on this soft bed the remains of Peter were laid. All then joined in the prayers.

Next morning we had the funeral Mass. I undertook to preach a sermon; but how much the congregation heard, above the general bedlam

in the compound, I am not able to say. The journey to the cemetery was scheduled for the afternoon, so the guests sat around during a few hours. The purgatorial waiting was relieved twice by the passing of bowls of rice.

At two o'clock, the coffin was taken outside the house and provided with poles, lashed to it lengthwise, for the use of the pallbearers. Christians gathered, and we said the prayers prescribed for the exit to the cemetery. Then all set out like ducks for the burial hill, a mile away. Other prayers are prescribed for a recitation in common while on such a journey, but it was impossible to recite these. Small boys were running here and there, lighting fire-crackers or struggling to capture the few that failed to explode, and again there was bedlam.

At the burial place, the grave was found to be too small. The coffin was placed at one side, and diggers went to work. Finally I blessed the grave, and we bade Peter a last farewell with the appointed ceremonies. Peter's relatives and friends are quite sure that they gave him a worthy send-off. And Peter feels no concern because his poor old bones were treated a little unceremoniously.

MY BOOK ABOUT GOD



Bishops in practically every State of the Union have written us letters in praise of MY BOOK ABOUT GOD. We are going to tell you a few of the fine things they said about this gorgeous, full-color storybook.

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* Indicates first mission assignment



The Sinner Gets Married

by Irwin D. Nugent

EARLY IN THE MONTH, Yungfu was slightly agog with excitement: the day for the wedding of our language-teacher-and-catechist was approaching. We priests had received the pieces of red paper bearing Chinese characters, which invited us to drink wine with him on the fifth day of the eleventh month.

This worthy gentleman, Stephen Liao, is known to all Maryknollers in the Kweilin Prefecture as "the Sinner," because invariably he begins each statement he has to make with the words, "A sinful man wishes to say —."

The Sinner is a loyal worker and a natural-born actor to boot. When Father McCarthy and I, who have been his pupils, turn puzzled looks toward him at some word or phrase that he uses, he proceeds to act out dramatically, and usually quite comically, the meaning. More than once our sides have ached from laughter, as we finished our lesson.

The bride-to-be had been living in the convent while being instructed. On the day she was baptized, we were having a language class, and at every sound our teacher, the groom-to-be, jumped to investigate.

On the day after the baptism, a Nuptial Mass was said, and the wedding ceremony was performed by Father Keelan. A former catechist was best man, and our cook's wife was bridesmaid. A mild session of excitement followed, and then the bride went to the home of her parents, as is the custom, to stay there for about six days. But before she departed, photographs were taken.

The "Sinner" was quite dressed-up and wore a brown, soft hat. His bride appeared in the traditional costume of red and gold (rented at a fat fee), and was well hidden under a veil of gold lacing. The only camera in Yungfu at the time was pressed into service; as its operator, I did my best to get all the "very important persons" into the group picture. Fathers Keelan and McCarthy had places of honor, right behind the married couple. Then sundry relatives, two native Sisters,

our ten young students, and a few other friends were disposed around them, on the steps in front of the priests' house. After that, separate photographs of the bride and groom were taken with the aid of many suggestions from onlookers. Fortunately all the shots turned out well.

The dinner that afternoon was an elaborate affair. The stationmaster was present, to add a little more dignity.

The new Maryknollers did their best with chopsticks, though I with my left hand caused considerable comment among all who were watching. Our cook was loaned to the couple for the occasion, and he did excellent work. Many varieties of food appeared on the menu, which were badly fumbled by Father McCarthy and myself, whereas Father Keelan, an oldtimer with chopsticks, did very well on his side of the table. The Chinese wine left something to be desired, so when anyone raised his cup, we newcomers took but a tiny sip. This allowed less space for more to be poured in the cups when next the wine was served.

This dinner lasted a couple of hours. Then, after a short respite, the guests returned for the ceremony of tea pouring. According to custom, the bride and groom filled small cups of tea and invited their friends to drink to their health. Father Keelan expressed in Chinese the good wishes of himself and the two younger Maryknollers. General elation increased as the evening wore on. Before too long, we three missionaries excused ourselves and returned to the mission. It was a great wedding!

HUNGER STRIKE

IN TIENTSIN, Chang Maolin, the son of a rich merchant, was sent to the Catholic school to learn English. He became interested in Christianity. While home on a visit, he showed his father the catechism he was studying and asked if he could be baptized.

"What! And give up the gods of your fathers?" cried the old gentleman in a rage. He took the catechism and threw it over the garden wall.

Chang Maolin returned to school but refused to eat. "I will not eat until my father says that I may be baptized," he told the priest in charge.

Alarmed, the priest telephoned to Chang's father. Then the father, in turn, was alarmed, for Chang was his only son. While the boy sat at lunch without touching the food, his father burst into the room.

"My son, you may do what you like! You may become a Catholic. Now come home to dinner with me, and we will talk the matter over."

While they sat at table at home, the Chinese gentleman who lived next door came in. He had Chang's catechism in his hand.

"I found this near the garden wall yesterday," he explained. "It bears Chang's name. I have read it, and I found many beautiful ideas in it. I should like to learn more about this religion."

Eventually both Chang's family and the family next door became Catholics.





Bottle Neck!

they are not the answer. The answer is another Maryknoll seminary. We have started to build at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago.

WHEN THE MISSIONS call for more priests, we must answer. When American young men come to us for mission training, we must supply it. These are our reasons for existing.

Thousands of missionaries are needed over the world. Hundreds of young men wish to offer their lives.

The "bottle neck" is the inadequacy of Maryknoll training houses. We already have hundreds of seminarians in training. Many sleep in double-decked bunks, and all study in packed classrooms. We have done all we know how to do, to stretch out available space.

These expedients have helped, but

May we go ahead with this new seminary? Whatever we do, is done by your support. We use your money, always: we have none of our own. We accomplish only what you permit and pay for.

But time is important. When we have to ask young men to wait, we sometimes lose them — and to lose a missionary is to lose perhaps the 5,000 converts he would win, with the generations of their families after them. *Will you fill in and mail this blank now?*

By assisting a young missionary in training you earn a share in his later ministry and its reward. You receive a special place in his daily prayers now and in his daily Masses when he becomes a priest.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

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Ding-
Dong!
School's
OPEN!

Yes, school's open for the Latin-American boy or girl, if he or she is lucky enough to live where there is money to provide a school. Millions of youngsters have no school, in Latin America.

A PHOTO STORY

Schools cost much money, and many rural areas in Latin America are very poor. Hence, only the higher classes in the wealthier cities have good schools. Some provided by the state, some of them private schools that charge tuition. Backward areas try to provide all children with six grades, but even these are sometimes lacking. When they can, Maryknoll missionaries provide schools in the poorer areas, and of course they teach religion in them.





Maryknoll's Father Bernard Ryan (above) talks in a school in Ecuador while Father Joseph Cappel (left), in Chile, helps a youngster with a problem.



(Above) A school in the Peruvian highlands. (Below) Father Dominic Morrisette in the Catholic trade school of Leo XIII Institute, Talca, Chile.



With the Maryknoll Sisters

JAPAN • MANCHURIA • KOREA • HAWAII
PHILIPPINES • PANAMA • NICARAGUA
CHINA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA • CAROLINE ISLANDS

NO MONEY for a skipping rope? That doesn't bother the little girls of Cochabamba. They pull a length of tropical vine from the nearest tree and go on a skipping spree. So we are told by Sister Frances Jerome (Callert), of Detroit, Mich., now at Cochabamba, Bolivia.

"NINETY-FOUR souls baptized in a country village ten miles from here!" That's the good news from Sister Rose Victor (Mersinger), of St. Louis, Mo., now at Laipo, Kwangsi, China.

THEY KILLED a wildcat marauding in their kitchen, down in Nicaragua. How? In the tried-and-true feminine way, with brooms, screams, and prayer. Later, they got a poisonous snake, a deadly tovaba, in the garden. Sister Marie Estelle (Coupe), of Providence, R. I., lead the hunt.

TAXI DRIVERS, truckmen, printers, washwomen, typists, and high-school students — together they form the Legion of Mary Praesidium, just started at Baguio, in the Philippines, by Sister Mary Isabel (Garvey), of Buffalo, N. Y. These poor Filipinos come from sparse suppers in their one-room huts, to meet at the convent. With a firm knowledge of the Faith, they hope to go out to mem-

bers of a pagan tribe near by, and give them a similar blessing.

PUTTING on a show for lepers at the near-by colony, is just one of the good things Sister Aquinata (Brennan), of Brooklyn, N. Y., has led her group of Filipino Catholic Actionists to do. These young folks of Malabon also teach catechism to some 1500 poor children.

WITH the head of the cobra held tightly in his hand, and three feet of the reptile wriggling around his arm, Virtuous Life Leung joyfully went away from our barn, where he had captured the snake. He was going to make blood tonic. This is how he did it. He sewed the cobra's

Temptation to Vanity

"From the corner of our eye, we watched the old country-woman in rusty black kimono, as she curiously stared at the foreign Sisters in a railroad station. Then, on her high, wooden clogs, she toddled over to us and bowed.

"Are you goddesses?" she asked.

"We were so stunned, we blurted out: 'Oh, no! We're the Catholic Church!'"

— Sister Immaculata (Brennan),
in Tsu, Japan

mouth together with a needle and thread; then he put the cobra, still alive, to soak in a bottle of wine. After six months, Virtuous Life will have an excellent blood tonic to sell.

This bit of medical lore comes from Sister Barbara Marie (Rubner), of Milwaukee, Wis. She saw the happening in Kongmoon, South China.

OUR LADY's sojourn in jail is perhaps a hidden chapter in her life, but a true one, none the less.

Townfolk of Navotas, in the Philippines, took the Blessed Virgin's statue out for a *fiesta* procession once, and they became too enthusiastic as they passed the hall where the city fathers were in session. Annoyed by the racket, but unable to imprison such a throng, the officials arrested the statue instead, as a disturber of the peace. Navotas now calls the Virgin "Our Lady of the Jail"; her little difficulty with the village powers dampens their ardor not a whit.

Sister Stephen Marie (Woods), of Seattle, Wash., sends us this story.

"HE WOULDN'T take a bribe! That was what amazed me," said the

young Chinese soldier to Sister Patricia (Coughlin), of Arlington, Mass.

"I watched him for some time. He took nothing from anybody. So I said to him, 'What makes you so different from the other customs officers?'"

"He looked steadily at me. 'I am a believer in the Lord of Heaven Religion. I am not looking for any reward in this life; on the contrary, I am preparing for a good life after death!'"

The boyish soldier smilingly concluded, "I attend Sunday Mass regularly with him, now."

NOT one of Hawaiian Herman's large group of relatives and friends, gathered around his tired, little body in its coffin, was Catholic. Not one — not his Mormon mother, his new stepfather, or any other. But Herman had a beautiful Catholic funeral to seal his fourteen years of frail life, spent chiefly in hospitals. Victim of a bad cardiac condition, the young convert died in Honolulu. He had learned to know our Lord at the Maui Home for Children, where Sister M. Alicia (Shader), of Troy, N. Y., took care of him.

Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$_____ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

My Name _____

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As long as possible, I will send \$_____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.



Maryknoll Sisters in Hawaii carry on large-scale activities for the young.
Below, Sister Grace Mary (Naab), of Passaic, N. J., pays a visit to a sick room.



The Maryknoll Roundup

Tame Mule. "I learn the hard way," reports Father John J. McCabe, of Everett, Mass., working in the Pando, Bolivia. "I came to the Acre River recently and, since it was the dry season, found the water no higher than my knees. The usual thing in such circumstances is to take off shoes and socks and roll up trousers. But why not, instead, climb aboard the gentle, sleepy, pack mule that I was leading? No sooner thought than done. No sooner done than my 'tame' mule became a bucking bronco! To my pained embarrassment, he pitched me unceremoniously into the water. Minutes later, but years wiser, I crossed the river barefoot, leading my mule, now gentle again."



Father McCabe

South China Idyl. "Chungshan is a lovely mission," writes Father Constantine F. Wolott, of Glassport, Pa. "I'm busy all day and every day, and there's not a dull moment in any day. In fact, the days are too short for all that I'd like to do. Our little church, which I have just built, is a dream. A local official described it nicely the other



Father Wolott

day: 'The church is Chungshan's Number Two ornament.' (What is Number One? The Government Building.) Our church is full every morning for Mass, and every evening for night prayers. The people sing beautifully."

My Maryknoll. "I like to think of Maryknoll as a tree planted by two humble gardeners, Bishop James Anthony Walsh and Father Thomas Frederick Price," explains Brother Anthony, at Mountain View, Calif. "The tree is nourished by the Master Gardener, our Blessed Lord. The tree suffers from the elements, in the loss of valiant members like Father Jerry Donovan. Once a year the tree bears its wonderful yield in ordinations, and its fruit bestows spiritual riches over the earth."



Brother Anthony

A Bid for St. Lenin. "A young couple presented their child for baptism," writes Father Vincent Mallon, of Brooklyn, now in Peto, Yucatan. "I saw by the civil birth certificate that the infant had already received its name: Lenin Ermilo. 'Never!' I exploded. 'Okay,' replied the man. 'Call him Luigi; I just want his initials to be the same as mine.'"

Sancian Island. "I planned a short stay at Sancian," reports Bishop Adolph J. Paschang, of Martinsburg, Mo., the chief in Kongmoon, South China. "But down came a cold blast from Siberia, and no boat could return to the coast for ten days. I was miserable from the frigid weather most of the time, but the experience was not without value: it helped me appreciate what a tough spot Father Joyce, the missionary here, is in, living in his house of ruins. Too, I felt something in common with St. Francis Xavier, who died on this island, waiting in vain for a chance to sail to the mainland of China."



Bishop Paschang

Man with the Pipe. "It was a big day in Mocache when Maryknoll's Father General visited here recently," writes Father Christopher W. Gibbons, of New York City, now in Ecuador. "There were feverish preparations for the dinner, and a tremendous reception at the river bank. The schoolteacher's daughter read the speech of welcome, and there was the usual bouquet. All the people were greatly impressed by

Father General. His tremendous pipe was a seven-day wonder, especially for the youngsters. 'How does he keep his balance,' asked one, 'with that huge affair weighing him down?'"

Love Without Names. "The spring baptisms were interrupted by a couple who wished to get married," relates Father Thomas F. McDermott, of Worcester, Mass., now in Galvarino, Chile. "A big Mapoche (as the Araucanian Indian is called) pushed his way to me and said bluntly, 'I want to be married by the Church.' Deciding that he needed immediate attention, Father McDermott I told the mothers to stand aside. 'I asked the man the routine questions; name, where baptized, and so forth. Then for details about his spouse. There was trouble immediately. 'What is the woman's name?' I inquired. The Indian's face went blank; he turned to his bride with a frown and demanded gruffly, 'What is your name?' Ho-hum! Evidently Mapoche courtships are nameless affairs."



Any boy interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary should write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll Priest ☐
Brother ☐

(Check one). I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____
 Street _____ School _____
 City, Zone, State _____ Class _____



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OUR HAY HELPS THE HOHS

THINGS are certainly at a desperate pass when a little grass can mean so much to a family! Beside the Maryknoll mission in Canton, lives the Widow Hoh, with her houseful of children. Recently we told the good woman that she could have the grass on our property if she cared to cut it. She responded as if we had given her a legacy of millions. She carefully made hay of the grass, and sold it for a few pennies. Now Mrs. Hoh and her fine family are fast friends of the mission. We look to the youngsters to grow up good Catholics.

—Father Joseph A. Hahn





MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

The Blind. "Agnes, should you like to see?" "No, because this way is God's will — but sometime I wish to see His holy Mother." "You will, Agnes — never fear!" (Conversation in China between a blind girl and a Maryknoll missionary.) Help China's sightless. Monthly food and care for one unfortunate cost only \$5!

The New Look can be supplied to Bolivian belles for \$1.80 each. That sum will pay for warm clothing for a poor woman of Father Kircher's mission.

White, Red, Green, Purple—vestments of these colors were lost at one Chinese mission during the war. A gift of \$100 would replace them—and they are needed.

Forget Me Not. Is there someone for whom you wish to establish a memorial? Why not an altar in a Maryknoll seminary, for daily Mass? Offering, \$100.

Under-Cover Man. A Maryknoll missionary would like very much to be one. His church lacks a roof, and he hopes to get under cover before the South American winter begins. \$1,000 will finance this need.

Going Against the Stream is necessary to reach up-river Amazon Indian tribes. An outboard motor boat (at a cost of \$500) would double the territory our river missionaries can reach.

Parish Collections, \$1.54; parish expenses, \$100 monthly. These items reveal Father Rickert's problem. He hopes for help with it.

Please Pass the Salt. — 400 pounds of it, a year's supply for cooking at a Maryknoll seminary in Kongmoon, China. We can get the salt for \$24. Who will pay this?

Soccer Balls and a pingpong table will help Father Grondin, in Ecuador, to make friends with the boys of his district. \$24 will do the job.

Chopsticks — in Chinese, "hasteners" or "speedy ones" — are small sticks used for eating. Our seminary in Kaying, China, needs \$20 to buy chopsticks, plus rice bowls and cooking pots.

Candles — named from Latin "*candere*," to shine. A year's supply for China's missions costs \$300. Candles are burned during Mass and at Benediction, in the missions as well as here.

Way of Power — electric wire. It is thin and slender, but channels great force. One Maryknoll mission needs 1,500 feet of it, at 3c a foot. Total cost is \$45. Who will supply the sum?

Show Them. Traveling missionaries in Bolivia find that one picture is worth a thousand words. A motion-picture projector would reach 50,000 Bolivians every year and would leave strong impressions. Cost, \$750.





SPECIAL NEEDS

Father Collins, Africa, motorcycle	\$600
Father Cowan, Chile, first section of school	500
Father Harter, Chile, church bell	325
Father Sheridan, Chile, sacristy and altar supplies	200
Father Steinbach, Japan, food for poor	100
Father Tennien, China, for instructing converts	100
Maryknoll Seminary, memorial daily Mass altar	100
Father Meyer, China, 2 bicycles	80
Brother Albert, China, trade school tools	75
Father Chisholm, Korea, ciborium	50
Father Gerbermann, Ecuador, catechetical material	50
Father McCloskey, Bolivia, recreation center, monthly upkeep	35
Father Booth, Korea, altar linens	30
Maryknoll Seminary, albs	15

If you wish a copy of our free booklet, check here and mail to us.

☐ The Making of Catholic Will.

☐ Maryknoll Annuity Booklet.



WHAT OF SABURO AND HIS BROTHER? A Japanese magazine predicts that within a generation Catholicism will be the principal religion in Japan. Saburo and his little brother, therefore, may have more than an even chance. But what are YOU doing about it?

